

The Life Story

Campbell Litster

Written by
Campbell Litster

***Born in Scotland in
1870, Campbell Litster
immigrated to the
United States with his
family at the age of 13.
He worked early on as
a cook and a jockey,
and spent most of his
life working in sawmills
in the Indian Service.
"A prince of a man,"
was how Melvin Mower
described his father-in-
law,
Campbell Litster***

I, Campbell Litster was born March 25, 1870 at

Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, Scotland. All the schooling I received was in the public school of Cowdenbeath; Having passed the sixth grade at the age of 12 years in the month of February 1883; one month before reaching the age of 13. At this time I had three brothers and sisters in Scotland.

My parents had become members of the L.D.S. Church (commonly called Mormon) before I was born. My parents had the spirit of gathering with the saints, so they left their native land in the month of September 1883.

My father was some sort of a boss in one of the coal mines. He must have been well thought of, for the morning we (the family) were to leave for America, the mines were closed, also the school, so the miners and school children could be at the station to see us off. Well do I remember the large crowd that were there to say good-bye. Some got on the train and Went with us as far as Edinburgh.

We spent most of one day in the capital of Scotland then on our way to Liverpool, England. Here I must tell you that there were in the family, father, mother, sisters Margreat, Elizabeth, and Mary, and



Campbell Litster

Campbell Litster

We arrived in Liverpool early in the morning and it took us all day to get our luggage from the railroad to the ship; a distance of seven miles.

We saw a large cotton warehouse on fire, the water from the building ran ankle deep. We got on the ship and the first thing I saw was a barrel of sea biscuits. They sure were hard.

The next afternoon we left the shores of England. This was an emigrant ship. There were about 1700 Mormons on board.

We were 13 days in crossing, in that time a good many were sea sick. My mother was very sick. She got well from sea sickness to become sicker with a headache. She was subject to headaches. She also had a white swelling in one of her knees that the very best doctors in Scotland could do nothing for.

One day while on deck, she had this awful headache. She was almost beyond herself with it, when she asked a man who was walking the deck to administer to her. He did and she was made well instantly (at once). She never did in all her following years have an ache or pain in any part of her body. She died in 1904.



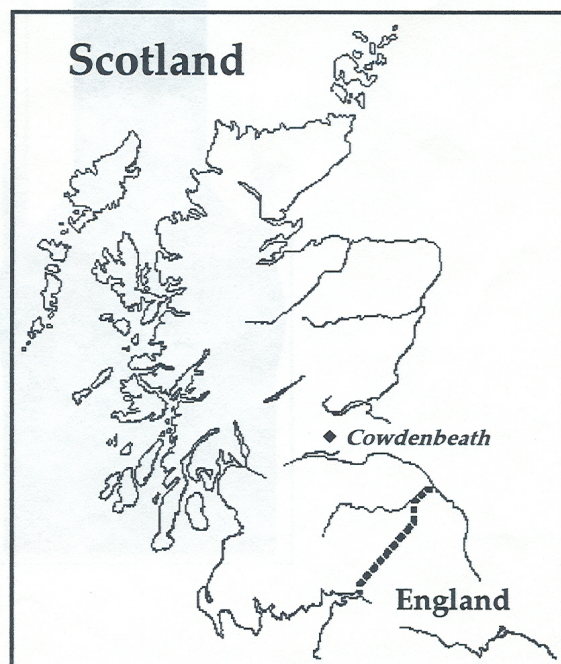
We arrived in New York and after passing through Castle Gardens, we embarked on a train. This train brought us to Ogden, Utah. We were met by two of my brothers, John and Andrew; John from Provo and Andy from Scofield. We were taken from the train to breakfast with George Edger.

A great many of the Mormon emigrants stopped off at Ogden. We continued on to Salt Lake City to be met at the station by a great

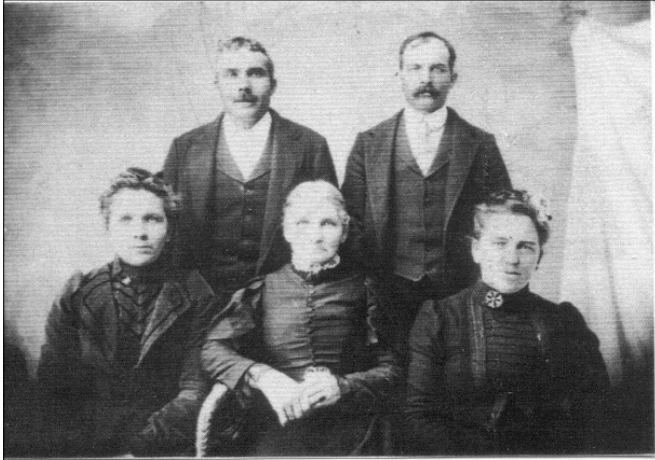
crowd of Scotch people some that were from the same part of Scotland that we were from and many others.

We were taken from the train at Salt Lake to the home of George Edger, father of the George Edger that we ate breakfast with at Ogden. We were treated to a banquet, also a dance and stayed all night at G. Edger's. The following morning, John Sheppard took us to his home in the 21st Ward. We stayed there all night. The next day Joseph Muir of Sugar House came to Sheppard's and took us to his farm for a day or two. We were getting so tired we just wanted to get some place to settle down. We left Salt Lake and went to Provo. We had to go through with the same thing that we had in Salt Lake; but we rented a house in 4th Ward in Provo and went to work.

The first work we did was digging potatoes for Bob McKenly, then after that my father, my brother, John and myself went to work on the Tabernacle. The work on the Tabernacle stopped the day before Christmas.



Campbell Litster



Photograph of Campbell Litster with family members, taken about 1902-04. In back are his brother, John and Campbell. In front are Margaret Campbell Litster, his mother and his sisters, Mary Litster Peterson and Elizabeth Litster Herring.

My brother, Bob, his wife, and family, also brother, Andy came down from Scofield to spend the holidays with us at Provo. My eldest sister came from Salt Lake. She went back to Salt Lake and was married to Peter Williamson.

After the holidays father, John, Andy, Bob, and myself went to Scofield and worked in the coal mines all winter. In the spring of 1884, father and myself came back to Provo and father got him 30 acres of land on Provo Bench.

Father, Mother, sister, Mary, and myself (my other sister had got married this same spring, so the family consisted of the four of us), moved on to the Bench. We had no house, so we made a tent of bed sheets and lived in it until we built a house.

A neighbor came up with his yoke of cattle and plow and plowed us a garden. We had no team at that time. We got us a pig or two and a cow. Father went to the coal mines in the winter and bought a

team in the spring. We did some farming the following spring and summer.

Father again went to the mines during the winter. My second oldest sister and her husband moved to the Ashley Valley and nothing would do but my people should sell out and go to Vernal.

I went to Salt Lake City and got a job working in a restaurant. I stayed with that for a short time, then I worked on the Salt Lake race track as a cook and jockey. I then moved to Vernal. Worked all winter hauling cedar posts to get hay to feed our horses and cows. I left Vernal and again came to Salt Lake but did not go to work so returned to Vernal. This time I got a ride from Salt Lake to Vernal with Dave Jenkins and Ed Wardle. Each had a freight outfit. One had six horses and two wagons, the other had eight horses and two wagons. They were loaded with goods for Blyth and Mitchel.

We were twenty-one days on that trip, (you can truck the same load in one day). I worked for farmers and others for a year or more, also on the farm that my father had got.



After my father's farm was producing well, I went to work in the mountains at saw milling and became a fair sawyer.

Followed sawmilling for several years then went into the Indian Service. I put into the Indian Service 31 years and 4 months. In that time I did almost every kind of work.

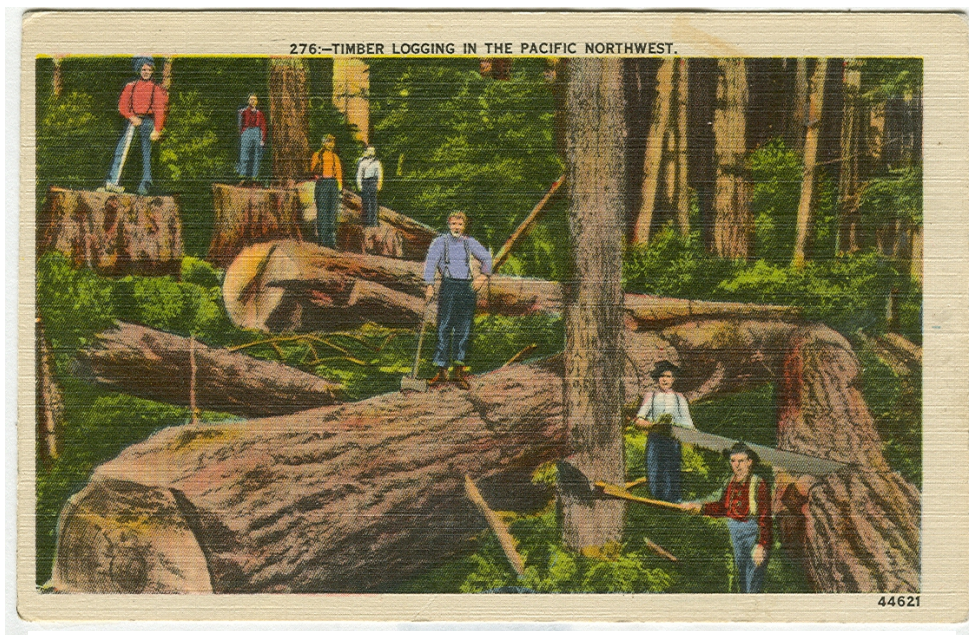
Campbell Litster

I'll try to set some of the things I did before you—sawyer, this is part of the duties of sawyer:

1. Sawing lumber
2. Seeing to the cutting of timber for the making of lumber.
3. The hauling of logs to the mill.
4. Keeping the time of all the workers in and out of the mill.
5. Measuring all lumber sawn and all shipped. This is just a part that comes under Sawyer.

2. Taking care of all the lighting system of an Agency and school.
3. Running pump to supply agency and school with water for all purposes.
4. Looking after and keeping all fire fighting equipment in good shape.
5. Care of all plumbing.

That's just a few of the things. I have built houses and torn houses down. Built pipe lines,



An old post card that shows the timber logging in the Pacific Northwest

For a time I was Sawyer and Engineer; so besides all I have mentioned in regards to sawyer, we will add Engineer:

made roads, built bridges, layed sewers, built
ditches to irrigate land.
(Written by Campbell Litster on April 2,
1936)

◆◆◆

1. Taking care and running a generator.

Campbell's wife, Phoebe Caron Nye Litster, wrote the following about him:

Campbell Litster

Campbell Litster was born March 25, 1870 in Fifeshire, Scotland in the town of Cowdenbeath. It was a coal mining town. He was the ninth child born to John Litster and Margaret Campbell.

He lived in Scotland until he was thirteen. His parents had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints before he was born. His father's home was the home of the Elders when the missionaries came to this part of Scotland. They would stop at the Litster home.

It seemed that his parents were in search of something in religion and that although they went from church to church, they hadn't found it. One day they heard about two Mormon Missionaries from Utah. America seemed a long way from them.

They went to the meeting and John turned to his wife as they listened to the speakers and said, "This is what we have been waiting for." She smiled and nodded her head, "Yes, this is it." After the meeting they invited the two Elders home with them and soon they were made members of the L.D.S. Church.

Grandfather John (Campbell's father) was presiding Elder of the Branch and they were all happy in the work. They began planning for the trip to Utah. So in 1883, they left their native country for the Gospel.

Three sons were already over here. There was Margaret. 18 years old, Elizabeth, 16 years old, Campbell, 13 years old and Mary, 11 years old who came over with their parents.

On board the ship, Campbell got very sick and his mother also. There were two Elders on board and Grandma Litster asked that they administer to her. For years she had had a bad, lame and swollen knee; also terrible headaches. The Elders laid their hands on her

head. She testified that as they blessed her, she felt the pain and sickness leave and also the lameness and swelling in her knee. She felt it leave her free from pain and sickness. She lived until 1904, December 23. She was 75 years old and had never had any lameness or headaches after that; proving to her the truthfulness of the blessing of God.

Campbell lived with his parents at Provo about where Orem is now. Then when he was 16, he went up to his sister's place in Salt Lake City to get work. He worked as cook at restaurants and also as dish washer. At the Salt Lake race track he became a jockey.

His parents moved to Ashley Valley in 1886 onto a farm. They sent for him to help them work it. He often laughed and told how the first time he went out there, the sheriff took him. Ed French, a friend of his parents and also the sheriff was going to Salt Lake City and they asked him to bring Campbell back with him.

The roads were bad; it rained and the mud was deep. It took three weeks for the teams to go from Salt Lake City to Vernal. The first thing he found out was it was necessary for him to get work to earn money to help to make a home on the land his parents now owned.

His mother made him a jockey suit, black satin pants, a red shirt with blue sleeves and collar, and cap to match. And he rode in races; sometimes for money; but more often for entertainment at the celebrations held by the valley folks.

He was 19 or 20 when he began working at saw mills. This is where I came into his story.



Campbell Litster



Campbell Litster about 1900

Campbell's daughter, Leona May Litster Mower, remembers an incident that took place while they lived in Oregon:

One day my Mother invited two Catholic Nuns to dinner. They had been there and visited quite a lot of times. While we were at the table, they began talking of the Mormons and the troubles they had in Utah. They said that they (the Mormons) were people with horns on their head and on their feet. They asked the question, "What do the Mormons look like? If you are from Utah, you ought to know."

My Father said, "Look at me and my feet. Do I have any horns on me? I am a Mormon!" Those two ladies got up and ran out the door and back to their chapel.



Harold Campbell Litster shared the following memories of his father. They were recorded

and written by his daughter Laurece Litster Cowdell in about 1985.

My father Campbell Litster was born in Cowdenbeath, Scotland on March 25, 1870. He left there in his youth to accompany his parents and others of his family to live in America. Others of the family had already left for Utah, where they wished to live to be near the LDS church headquarters. I suppose they had been converted to this church in my father's early years or before.

On the day they were to sail, the town where they lived closed the school and shops so that everyone could see this family off. They must have been well known and thought of.

On the ship crossing the Atlantic, his mother got a terrible headache. She had been troubled with migraine headaches for some time. At this time she asked for the elders to give her a blessing and from that time on she never had another headache.

Early in his years in the U. S. he worked in a Chinese restaurant until he provoked the Chinese owner some way and he threw a knife at him which became stuck in the wall just over my dad's head. This was in Salt Lake City. He said, "*I got out of there as fast as I could and never did quit running.*"

Later his family moved to the Vernal area of Utah. I don't think he was very active in the church then because my mother told of times when the youth met once a month as part of the Mutual program on a Sunday night for something they called conjoint, which was similar to a fireside. This was held in the chapel and in the summer when it was warm they had the windows open and Campbell and other hoodlums, as Phoebe called them, would stand outside and spit tobacco into the

Campbell Litster

open windows. I don't know of him going to church until we went in Gusher when they finally got a ward there. Before that he did go to the congregational Sunday school which was held in Fort Duchesne.

Before my parents were married and for a time after, my dad worked in the Uintah Mountains as a sawyer and at the Dyer mine (copper). This work was only for the summertime. My mother went with him sometimes. Also, in his youth, he worked as a jockey in Vernal where they had horse shows and races, etc.

My dad built a small house on part of the property his father had given him for working for him. The house had two rooms and a porch. Both rooms were carpeted with rag rugs. This is where he and my mother first lived. This was in Vernal in Glines Ward.



Campbell Litster in about 1902

One year late in the fall dad let all the men go home when it was time to close the mine for the winter. He must have been a foreman because he was the last one to leave. By the time he got the smelter closed down and everything ready for winter, the snow came and it was deep. The only way to get down the mountain was to ski. So that was what he did. One ski broke part way down and he finished the trip on only one ski. That is pretty rugged country where the smelter was. I don't know how he did it.

Another time it must have been late or early in the season because there was snow on the mountain. Dad cut his big toe right off when he was cutting wood. He said it was just hanging by a little skin. He put it back on and wrapped his whole foot in snow and they took him to Vernal to Dr. Rose and he sewed it back on. This is the same Dr. Rose that owned the Rose Orchard where Dad lived when he died.

While living in Vernal Dad applied and took an exam to go to work for the Dept. of Interior with the Indian service. First he took a temporary position in Randlett as a disciplinarian at the Indian boarding school there. His job was to bring in the Indian children from their camps, see that they behaved and were cleaned up and went to school. Cut off their hair and see that they all had baths; then set them up in dorms (boys and girls.) There were probably 200 to 300 kids at this school and of all ages. He was specifically in charge of the boys.

My mother taught sewing and cooking there. They lived there for a time.

Some of the Indians didn't like their kids taken from them and put in school. They would be away from home until school was out in the spring. One Indian named Wheoro was going to do something about Dad taking



The mode of moving from

Campbell Litster

his kids. He got up on a hill above the dining hall and was going to shoot my Dad when he came out. Someone learned of the plan and Dad's assistant, Waren Curry, came in and warned him. He stayed inside and word was sent to Ft. Duchesne to the soldiers, they came and took him to the guard house.

Before Dad became a permanent agent for the Indian service and moved the family to Klamath Falls, Oregon, there were three children born into the family; John Ethridge in 1902, Charles Thomas in 1904 (died 1905) and Catherine Winnona in 1906.

John, (we all called him Ethridge) told of his memories about moving to Oregon:

It was the first part of July and we went by surrey (a 2 seated buggy) from Vernal to Mack, Colorado to take the train to Oregon. We had some time to wait for the train to come, at 11:30 at night, and so we got a room to rest and sleep until that time. I was awakened by an awful itching all over my neck—bed bugs—it was awful. Then on the train to Oregon, about half way through Idaho, the windows were down to let in the air on the hot summer ride and Dad's hat blew out of the window—with his ticket in the band of it. So when the conductor came to check the tickets, he told him he would have to go back and get it.

Leona May was born in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Dad worked as a sawyer here.

Then he was transferred to New Mexico as a sawyer. John was eight years old when they made this move and remembers the following:

We got there in the fall and the house we were supposed to have hadn't been vacated yet, so they put us



Road sign to Klamath Agency

in what they called the adobe house about a half a mile from the agency. We drove a mule team and wagon and took the Indians that were going to work the saw mill about 4 miles up the canyon where Dad showed them the logs he wanted them to cut. After the logs were cut and hauled in they set up the saw mill and sawed the lumber and built a shed over the engine and the saw carriage. Then they sawed lumber and built us a house there where we lived until the house at the agency was available.

Dad changed jobs and became a ranger there. This meant he was responsible to see that the range was used as it should be. He rode on horse back down to the south end of the reservation to check the sheep and see

Important Dates in the Life of Campbell Litster

1870	(March 25) Born at Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, Scotland.
1883	(September) Sails to America with parents.
1884	Settles with family in Provo, Utah.
1887	Moves to Ashley Valley, Utah.
1900	(April 10) Marries Phoebe Carron Nye.
1902	(July 29) A son, John Ethridge, is born.
1904	(June 4) A son, Charles Thomas, is born.
1905	(March 5) Charles Thomas dies.
1906	(April 3) A daughter, Catherine Winnona, is born.
1908	(August 27) A daughter, Leona May, is born.
1910	(July) Moves to Dulce, New Mexico.
1912	(December 26) A son, Harold Campbell, is born.
1913	(November 5) A son, Robert Burns, is born.
1916	(March 30) A son, Billie Lloyd, is born.
1922	(August 31) A daughter, Gene Louise, is born.
1935	Retires from the Indian Service and lives in Lake City, Utah.
1937	Moves to Vernal, Utah.
1942	(October 9) Dies at Vernal, Utah.

Campbell Litster

that they didn't have too many on the range, etc. There were several wild horses around here and Dad had caught one by shooting it high across the shoulders and this stunted it and while it was out or down, he hobbled it and put a rope on it. I went with Dad once to take some hay and grain to this horse. We were in a buck board (a one seater, like a buggy—like a model T compared to a Cadillac). This horse was sure wild. He had it tied to a tree and hobbled on the front foot. Anytime he got within 20 feet of it, it was on its hind legs and raising a big fuss. Dad was trying to break it. He finally let it go. On the way back, we caught up to an Indian that was riding a horse and he was going from one side to the other just about to fall off. He said he was too sick to ride and so we put him in the buck board. He laid with his head between my legs to keep from hanging out the back because he was as long as the buck board. We rode about 16 or 18 miles to the sub agency and the next day he was sure broke out with the measles. I didn't get them though.

It was real cold there all winter, about 25 below. We rode on the wagon from the agency up to the saw mill and worked 8 hours and come back. One day on the way, my Dad saw some wild turkeys, so the next day he took his gun. That day he didn't see any turkeys, but he saw a coyote and he shot it. He told one of the Indians to go get it. He wouldn't. One of the



The “big” houses at Fort Duchesne, Utah

white men did and put it in the wagon and all the Indians got out. They said Navajos turn into coyotes when they died and they didn't want to get close to it. These were Apache Indians. The coyote was skinned and someone tanned the hide and we had it for a rug for a long time. The next day he shot two turkeys and as soon as he shot them, the Indians were out of the wagon after them and [the turkeys] didn't have any tail feathers by the time they got back to the wagon. The Indians had taken all the tail feathers to use for head dresses. We ate one turkey for Thanksgiving and the other for Christmas.

There was a lake on the other side of the hill from the saw mill and there were a lot of ducks that flew by there. Dad bought me a 22 gun when I was 8 and we would walk over the hill and he would walk to one end of the lake and sit in the brush so the ducks couldn't see him and I would go up to the other end and shoot at the ducks way out on the lake. This would scare them up and they would fly down to the other end and he would shoot them

Campbell Litster

with a shotgun. We had ducks to eat and duck feathers to make pillows.

On Christmas it snowed like crazy and in the morning there were fresh tracks on the sidewalk in front of the house and a step ladder leaning up against the door. A carpenter there at the agency had made ladders for all the employees and delivered them for presents. Then, the next morning Dad came and woke me up early and said, "Come and see, I have something to show you," and I asked if they had brought us another ladder—it was a new baby in the family—Harold.

Mother was taking the Lady's Home Journal at the time and the current issue had a picture of Santa with his toys being strung out on the snow behind the sleigh, and there was a big doll that had fallen off. Mother said that it was Harold and Santa had to go back to get him, and that was why Harold was born a day late—he was supposed to have been a Christmas present. Years later when hearing this story retold, Bob, who was three years younger, said, "Yeah, and I came along and shoveled him out."

I was born Dec. 26, 1910. I was named Campbell after my Dad. I don't know why Harold was chosen, maybe because of the herald angels who sing at the Christmas season.

Dad loved to tell stories and my wife, Edna, remembers him telling the following about when he was in New Mexico. After riding a long way in the heat he came to a lake and he took off his clothes and went in to cool off, etc. After he was dressed again and as he went to get on his horse, something



The smaller houses at Fort Duchesne

stung his leg. He said he sure hurried down and dropped those pants. A scorpion had taken up residence in his pants while he was swimming.

One time he was invited to eat with some Indians with whom he was visiting. They were eating some kind of cooked meat. He felt something hard in his mouth. Upon inspection he found it to be a couple of "nanny berries". He didn't want any more to eat. When telling his stories or when anyone's story particularly touched his humor, he would laugh heartily and slap his leg.

When I was 2 years old, we moved to Fort Duchesne, where my Dad was an engineer in charge of all maintenance. He could do anything. The fort had been built as a protection from the Indians. It consisted of several (10) large two story duplex houses and other buildings arranged in a large circle with a high board fence all around the outside. The fence was about 8 feet high and all the windows had wooden shutters on them when we first moved there. The houses had been living quarters for the army officers, but they left just a short time before. The houses all faced the center of the circle with a sidewalk and road made of asphalt. In the center was a

Campbell Litster

park which had lawn, sand boxes, swings, a ball park, etc. also, lawn all around the houses.

The soldiers used the circular road to parade their horses. It was a cavalry unit that had been stationed there. Many of them were black men and their families. The story was told of some of the hoodlums around getting one of the black boys and taking him out where it was sandy and covering him up all except his head. They then rode around him and were shooting when his mother found him. She thought they had shot his head off.

Some of the buildings there were barracks and a jail, etc. There was a high fence between the houses, too. These were later taken down and the shutters removed. There was no danger from the Indians when we were there as far as I know. Sometimes they would shoot each other and themselves, but they didn't bother the white people much.

This two story house was the first I remember. When we first came we lived in a small house outside the fence. The big houses had porches on the front and around the sides. Later they were screened in. There were four big rooms down stairs, about 18 x 18 and it seems to me 18 feet high too.

I don't know who built the houses, but when it got about 20 below, those old square nails would pop out of the walls like they had been shot out of a 22 gun.

Most of the people that lived there were government workers working for the Indian service. There was the superintendent, his assistant, property clerk, farm agents, doctors, and nurses, etc. Some of the buildings were torn down and homes built. One was a real nice amusement hall. It had a lot of different rooms with scenes painted on the walls, a nice beautiful floor to play basket ball and it had a dungeon in one end. That's where they put the

The Children of Campbell and Phoebe Litster

John Ethridge	Born July 29, 1902 at Vernal, Utah; married Maecell Mary Bottom on June 19, 1930; died January 7, 1990.
Charles Thomas	Born June 4, 1904 at Vernal, Utah; died March 5, 1905.
Catherine Winnona	Born April 3, 1906 at Vernal, Utah; married Oliver Bradley Cloward on November 11,
Leona May	Born August 27, 1908 at Klamath Agency; Oregon; married Melvin Reed Mower, October 2, 1929; died May 5, 1979.
Harold Campbell	Born December 26, 1910 at Dulce, New Mexico; married Edna Wilcoxson on May 28, 1931.
Robert Burns	Born November 5, 1913 at Fort Duchesne, Utah; married Lola May Pitt on November 5, 1941; died November 7, 1992.
Billie Lloyd	Born March 30, 1916 at Fort Duchesne, Utah; married Jean Wardle on July 6, 1941; died November 24, 1960.
Gene Louise	Born August 31, 1922 at Fort Duchesne, Utah; married Merl Alexander on November 10, 1945; married Earnest Bowling on September 3, 1961; married Jessie Ipson.

real bad ones. It had a thick door and no windows. This building was used for a long time when I was a boy, but finally was torn down because vagrants were staying there etc. We had school plays there and sometimes theatrical groups from Vernal came and performed. Once in a while we would have those old hand cranked movies and it would go on fire.

There were phone lines in and water and sewer when we moved to the fort. My dad was responsible to maintain these as well as

Campbell Litster

the coal mine which was at Lapoint. I remember him going there to overhaul the steam engine. The water, at first, was pumped out of the river and into two big tanks, until one blew over. Later, new lines were run and a reservoir was built. All the pipes in the houses were exposed and after the reservoir was built Dad put a pressure gauge on the pipe that came into our house. That was the first thing he did every morning—check the water pressure and if it wasn't 85 pounds, he was out checking where the problem was.

We had huge toilets with chain pulls for flushing. Dad later replaced these and other things as better ones became available.

When we first came to the fort there were only a couple of phones. I was around 8 maybe when Dad built new phone lines and there were more phones—my mother was the operator and the switch board was in our house. It only had two lines and everyone could listen if they wanted. We all had different rings—ours was 2 longs and 1 short. The rings were made by turning the handle.

Dad was in charge of all the maintenance and up keep of all those big frame buildings, painting, plumbing etc; also, for delivering coal and wood to them and the mowing of the hay for the horses; the upkeep on the fire cart. We had a volunteer fire dept. and a hand cart with a hose to connect to the fire hydrants. There was no power, we used ice boxes for years.



Campbell Litster went to school until he was 12 or 6th grade. He left Scotland when he was 13.

Campbell has said that his father's family had lived in Crossgates, Scotland until their son, Thomas died as a result of blows by a teacher; then they moved to Cowdenbeath.

From church records we know that he was blessed by an Elder Jaiah on May 29, 1870 in the Cowdenbeath Branch in the Scotland British Mission. (Film # 104150—L.D.S. Church Records)

Campbell's father, John Litster was set apart as President of the Cowdenbeath Branch on July 25, 1880 by A. Farguson. John and Margaret Campbell Litster emigrated from Scotland on August 29, 1883. Campbell came with them. John Litster, Jr. had already emigrated on May 17, 1882.

Campbell's sister, Elizabeth White Litster married Joseph Herring. They moved to the Vernal, Utah area. He took up 160 acres of land. He sold half of it to Elizabeth's parents. They had been living in Provo for the 3 years. Campbell bought 15 acres of land joining his father's place. He helped his father on his farm.

Campbell and Phoebe were married April 10, 1900 at the home of her father, Charles Nye. They lived with her parents until May when their own house was finished. It took six weeks to build their house and they were living with her parents for the last 3 weeks of this time. Campbell was employed at the sawmill of Jim Griffen.

In his later years Campbell was afflicted with gout.



Campbell Litster

A^{AA}

Vernal Obitu
October 9, 1

Funeral s
ward chapel

Bishop I
music was fi
offered the c
Maude Good
Byron Good

Goodrich sang "Guide me to Thee," accom
Mrs. Mae Jorgensen and Mrs. May Calder
Hope," accompanied by Mrs. Melinda G

George H. Southam, a boyhood chum
Manwaring, a neighbor and William H. S
Bishop Lavell Manwaring in closing rema
welfare work done by Mr. Litster, who wa
Scout Troop committee, and gospel doctri
closing number was "Rock of Ages", furn

Pallbearers were Joseph Collier, Ross

hope you will remember a
you at school good night
C. Litster

**A letter that Campbell wrote
was away. Phoebe later made
the letter:**

*I was at Logan A. C. (Ag
that Utah State was comm
time) in Farm Bureau work.*

Campbell Litster

Obituary (continued from page 14)

Owen Hullinger, Lynn Richens, Arthur Harrison, and F. Merrill. Bryon Goodrich offered the benediction. Interment at the Maeser Cemetery, with Thomas Bingham dedicating the grave.

Mr. Litster died at 5 p.m. while picking apples in his orchard which is two and a half miles south of town. Death was due to coronary embolism, according to the attending physician.

Mr. Litster was born in Codinbeth (sic), Scotland, 1870. He came to America with his parents at the age of 10. His family came to Ashley Valley in 1887 and settled in the Moffat Ward. In 1906 he entered the Indian Service for the United States Government and his first assignment was to the Indian Agency in Oregon. He later was transferred to the Indian Agency in New Mex., Indian Agency in 1910, and came to the Ft. Duchesne Agency in 1912 where he lived until he retired in 1934. He spent the next two years in Salt Lake City coming to Vernal in 1936 where he has lived since.

He was a faithful worker in the L.D.S. Church having served in the capacity of Superintendent of Sunday school for 10 years in Moffat ward and was chairman of the Boy Scout committee for four years at Naples ward, besides teaching in other auxiliaries of the church. At the time of his death he was a High Priest. He had served for 18 months as manager of the Stake Store house. He was also a prominent civic leader and helped promote the Naples water works system. He was one of the instigators of the County Unit plan of schools which now operates throughout Utah.

He married Phoebe Carron Nye in April 1900 and from this union eight children were born, seven of whom are living. He is survived by his widow and the following sons and daughters: John E. Litster, Woods Cross, Utah; Mrs. May Mower Litster, Roosevelt; Harold Litster of Salt Lake City, William Litster in the armed forces, stationed at Camp Barkley, Texas; Mrs. Winona Cloward, Robert Litster, Gene Litster all of Vernal. 23 grandchildren.

Campbell Litster

Department of the Interior United
States Indian Service
Yankton Indian Agency
Wagner, S. Dak.
Jan. 9, 1916.

Mr. & Mrs. Campbell Litster
Ft. Duchesne, Utah

Dear Friends:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your most welcome Xmas card, and to say that I certainly was pleased to be remembered by you. Your kind wishes are most heartily reciprocated. I hope this short note finds you all well and happy, as you deserve to be. Although I have never written you, rest assured that I have not forgotten your kindness to me while at Dulce, N. Mex. I often think of my stay in the West, 'tis the best part of this whole country of ours, and if I had my way, I'd be out there now. Am fully determined to go back some day.

I am acquainted with your Superintendent, Mr. A. H. Kneale, and have found him a pleasant, earnest and Christian man. If you see him, give him my regards. Hope he is getting along nicely.

How I would like to visit with you this afternoon, and talk over old times. I would also be interested in the children, especially the little lassie with the pretty golden curls, and the little baby boy who used to come along with his big brother to wake me when I slept late mornings. I have not yet got over this bad habit of sleeping late, but thus far this year, I have been

A letter found with the papers of Phoebe Caron Nye Litster.

Campbell Litster

on time for breakfast, except of course, on Sundays.

Do you folks ever hear from the James family, at Durango, Colorado? I often wonder how they are getting along, and think I will drop them a short note when I get time. Am kept awfully busy here, and time, consequently, flies rapidly. Am chief clerk in this office, we have six clerks and they are all kept hustling to keep their work. We surely have a fine bunch of employees here, they are all competent and willing workers.

Have made up my mind whenever I get married, I shall take a honeymoon trip out west, and call on you folks and the James at Durango. But the trouble is to get married, it doesn't seem to come easy to me. But I shall keep up hopes.

And now, thanking you again for your kind holiday greetings, and hoping that this finds you and the children well, and enjoying themselves, and with kind regards to you all, I remain,

Sincerely, your friend,
W. R. Beyer

